

American Junior Red Cross NEWS





The Merry-Go-Round

QUAIL HAWKINS

Illustration by F. D. Wily

Did ever you ride on a merry-go-round,
A merry-go-round, a merry-go-round?
Did ever you ride on a merry-go-round
When you went down to the fair?

Did ever you ride on a dragon?
Did ever you ride on a bear?
Did ever you ride on a lion
When you went down to the fair?

It's fun to ride on a dragon!
It's fun to ride on a bear!
It's fun to ride on a lion
When you go down to the fair!

It's fun to ride on a merry-go-round,
A merry-go-round, a merry-go-round,
It's fun to ride on a merry-go-round
When you go down to the fair!



F. D. Wily

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

May • 1947

A Song for Sally Ann

MAY JUSTUS

Illustration by Nedda Walker

Decoration by Jo Fisher

SALLY Ann, coming down the hollow trail hunting the straying cow, Susie, stopped in her tracks and cocked a keen ear. Could that clear note be the old cow's bell? No, it couldn't be, surely. This was music. A bird's song? No, it was a tune—a broken bit of some fiddle jig, or ballad song, maybe. She tossed a long, black pigtail and cocked the other ear. Yes, it was a fiddle, and no mistake.

The tune held her in a trance. It was one she had never heard, she was sure. This was a tune anyone would remember, a dancing tune to tickle one's toes, to gladden a body's heart. The fiddler and, of course, the fiddle, too, were coming closer. Sally Ann hopped about in the trail, seeking some hidden turn. All of a sudden she felt too shy to meet this stranger. Hither and yon her bright, black eyes darted eager glances.

But there simply was no hiding place, no tree trunk, stump or stone big enough to slip behind. Sally Ann started on.

The next moment she stopped again, and let out a whoop-and-holler:

"Andy Adams—why, Andy, what are you doing over here on this side of Thunder Mountain?"

The long-limbed boy grinned slowly and leaned against a persimmon tree.

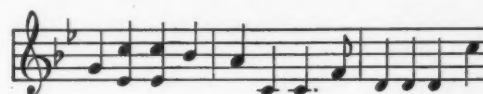
"Traipsed over this side to catch me a tune from Uncle Billy Martin. Want to hear it?" he asked her.

Before she could answer him the boy tucked his fiddle into place and started playing, keeping time with one bare foot.

And now he started to sing:



Oh, come with me to Fiddlers' Fair, to



Fiddlers' Fair, to Fiddlers' Fair! Oh, come with me to



Fiddlers' Fair, my honey, Oh, my honey!

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honey oh my honey

The fiddle bow paused above the strings.

"This is a two-part song," Andy explained, "for a boy and a girl, you know. Here's where the girl comes in—I'll sing the whole thing for you." Andy nodded with a grin, shifted his fiddle bow and went ahead.

*How far is it to Fiddlers' Fair,
To Fiddlers' Fair, to Fiddlers' Fair;
How far is it to Fiddlers' Fair,
My honey, oh, my honey?*

There were six other stanzas to the song; Andy played and sang them all.

"It's a pretty play-piece, for certain!" Sally Ann told Andy, clapping her hands.

Andy leaned back against the tree. "Wish you could sing with me at the Fourth o' July Fiddlin' Match in Far Beyant this year."

Sally Ann sighed. "I won't be there this time, I reckon. Father says we better not go on account of the feud between the Adams and Saymores. It started up with the trouble last year between you and Jim."

Sally Ann grew quiet, remembering how Andy and her cousin had each tried for the prize offered each year at the Fiddling Match for the prettiest song-piece given by a boy. Jim had won the prize—ten dollars—once before, with *Father Grumble*. He might have won again with *Billy Boy* had not a piece of bad luck happened. Right in the middle of the song he broke a fiddle string! The misfortune ruled him out—and the prize



The tune held her in a trance

was given to Andy Adams for his ballad, *The Big Old Sheep*.

Bad luck for Jim, certain-sure, but he was no cry-baby. He could have borne this happenstance and laughed ill luck away, had it not been for one thing; the fiddle string which had broken was one he'd bought from Andy earlier in the day. This made Jim red-fire mad. This had started the ruction. Right there at the Fiddling Match Jim had had his say to Andy Adams, face to face. He accused him loudly:

"You tricked me—you sold me a faulty fiddle string!"

The fiddling match had turned into a fray as the Adams and Saymores all started taking sides—or nearly all of them. Sally Ann's father, the preacher man and Circuit Rider, lifted his voice to make peace, but they didn't listen to him.

Soon the fray grew into a feud that spread all over the mountain. Neighbor folk stopped visiting. There were many upscuddles when

how far is it

we'll dance and sing

the men and boys met upon lonely trails. Yes, it was a sad story, all that had happened. Sally Ann laughed again.

Andy must have guessed her thoughts. He spoke up all of a sudden, while a deep flush in his face flared up like a flame:

"I never—I didn't cheat Jim," he told her. "I didn't mean to sell him that faulty fiddle string. All the Saymores may think so, but I tell you I didn't do it."

"I never thought you did," declared Sally Ann. "It was just an accident that started all the trouble. Oh, how I wish it would come to an end!"

High up the mountainside sounded a long, clear whistle. Sally Ann knew it was a boy's, though it was much like a bird's.

"Jim's coming to hunt for me and Old Susie," Sally Ann told Andy. "You better go along now."

Andy nodded. "I reckon so." He shifted his fiddle and bow to a safer place under his arm. "Good-bye, Sally Ann," he said over his shoulder. "I'm glad you and I are friends, sure-enough friends."

"Yes, we are friends, Andy," Sally Ann said.



"Button back your ears," Jim said: "we aimed to surprise you."

"I wish we could think up some way to end the feud so that all your folks and mine could be friends. Good-bye, now—good luck to you and your song, Andy!"

Andy and his fiddle went around the creek bend.

The song stuck in Sally Ann's head. She found herself humming it over when she was working by herself sometimes. He had a gladsome tune, she thought, like the sound of rushy water over rocks or the mountain wind laughing among the trees.

Father was holding a meeting down in Hickory Hollow. Mother had decided to go along with him. This left Sally Ann and Jim with Granny, who was tickled to pieces to look after them.

Jim seemed to Sally Ann almost like a brother. Out of his well-filled pockets he was always ready to bring some treasure to give her: a ripe, mellow apple, a curious stone, a snail shell, or a feather from some bird's wing. He had taught her many a play-trick, too: how to make bark whistles, how to make a bugle horn with your hands, how to call a wild bird so that it will answer. No wonder Sally Ann liked Jim. It isn't every boy, busy with his own business, full of his own plans, who is willing to fool about with a girl-person—one a little younger, too, as she was.

One day Sally Ann was shelling peas for dinner, humming away, as it happened, on Andy's song.

"That's a mighty pretty piece—where did you learn it?" Jim, barefoot, had come up behind her.

to fiddlers' fair

you may ride

Sally Ann dropped the pan. The peas went hither and thither, all over the kitchen floor.

"Oh, see what I've done!" she cried, starting to pick up peas. Jim helped her, saying no more to her about the song.

Sally Ann was glad to think that he had forgotten to ask more about it. She didn't want Jim to know how she had learned it from Andy. She made up her mind not to sing the song where Jim could hear it. But, somehow, she kept forgetting. Just let her start that tune and here he happened along!

One day Granny sent him to pick some huckleberries to make a pie. Sally Ann saw that he took his fiddle along. He was away for a longish time—long enough, scolded Granny, to pick berries for twenty pies!

Jim explained: "I just stopped in at Uncle Billy Martin's for a little fiddle playing."

Sally Ann noticed, from this time on, that Jim and his fiddle kept mighty close company. He would take it and slip away off to himself somewhere. Often she heard the fiddle high up on the mountain, or down the hollow way. He was practicing as he did before a big play-party—or a fiddling match—all of the tunes he knew. One day Sally Ann heard *Fiddlers' Fair*, and guessed that Jim had managed to piece it up from her singing.

What did it mean—this day-by-day courting of his fiddle? This was a riddle in Sally Ann's head.

Did he hope to go to the fiddling match, after all, she wondered? But father had said "No," and he rarely changed his mind. Surely Jim wouldn't slip off.

"If you want a fire to go out," father had said in a sermon, "don't add more fuel—and don't poke up the blaze."

Day after day went by. Jim gave his fiddle more and more time. Granny complained that he was slighting his regular chores, and more than once she threatened: "Leave that fiddle-stick alone now, or I'll wear it out on you!"

Granny's bark was worse than her bite most of the time when she scolded, but a body had better heed when her sharp eyes matched her tongue.

"What ails the boy, anyhow? He's got me downright worried," she said to Sally Ann.

Sally Ann was worried, too.

One day he and his dog went rattlesnake hunting, and brought back seven rattles to drop into the fiddle for a charm. This, according to old mountain superstition, worked a sort of magic on any fiddle tune, making it merrier, clearer and sweeter.

One day Jim disappeared up the hollow trail right after dinner and did not appear again until late afternoon. Sally Ann asked no questions—but Granny did.

"Whereabouts have you been, Jim? Out with the truth now!"

Jim didn't hitch or halt—he gave her a straight-out answer: "I went down to Uncle Billy Martin's to try out a fiddle tune."

"Humph!" said Granny with another keen look. "You and the fiddle! I vow and declare I do believe you've lost your wits. Go out and split some stovewood now—and leave your fiddle behind you."

Sally Ann tried to read his face, but he looked the other way.

"He's miffed with me about something," she thought. All at once she guessed the reason. Uncle Billy Martin had told him about that song—*Fiddlers' Fair*—that Andy Adams had been learning. Jim would suspect the truth—that he had taught it to her. He wouldn't like that, of course. Sally Ann sighed. What should she do—make a full explanation and try to make Jim understand? Her mind was made up. She went to find her cousin.

He wasn't at the woodpile. He wasn't at the barn. He wasn't anywhere about the place.

Then she stopped short and listened. Away down the creek she heard that song—*Fiddlers' Fair*. Yes, that was Jim playing it on his fiddle. She could find him easily by following the tune.

A little farther on she stopped again. Could that be just one fiddle? No—no—it was *two* fiddles playing that song! She cocked one ear—then the other one. Yes—yes, she was certain—certain—sure this time! And now Sally Ann went on in a hip-and-hurry till she nigh-about stumbled upon them.

Sitting side by side on a log were Andy and Jim.

They caught sight of her at the same time, and jumped up all of a sudden, nearly dropping their fiddles.

"Sally Ann!" cried Jim and Andy in the same breath.

Sally Ann couldn't answer with so much as a "Howdy" to either one. She just looked in a wondering way from Andy to Jim, who grinned at her in a sheepish way.

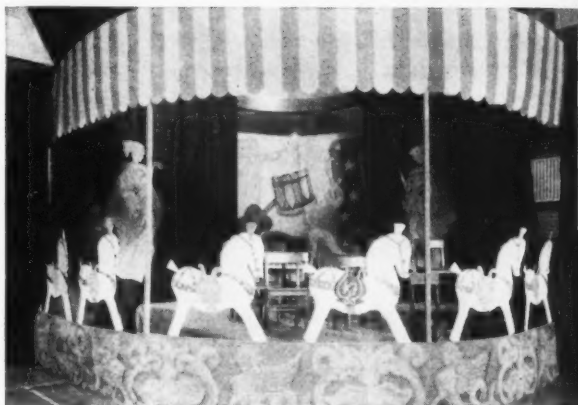
"I reckon we better tell her, hadn't we?" Andy said, looking at Jim.

"Reckon so," her cousin agreed. "No chance to surprise her any more now."

"Surprise—what surprise?" Sally Ann cried.

(Continued on page 27)

One for the Money—



COURTESY W. J. LAKE & SON

Circus murals made by Wyandotte, Michigan, students do double duty as decorations for a school party, later to brighten a hospital



Junior Red Cross members of Hibbing, Minnesota, put on a show, "Circus and Sons," to raise funds. Clowns, animal acts, tight-rope walkers, songs from many lands made up the program



COURTESY BILL DIEHL, NEWARK, O., ADVOCATE

Pink lemonade was a popular item sold at the Newark, Ohio, Junior Red Cross carnival

An Umbrella Dance was a hit specialty number included in the Variety Review given by Junior Red Cross members in Cleveland, Ohio



COURTESY DETROIT TIMES

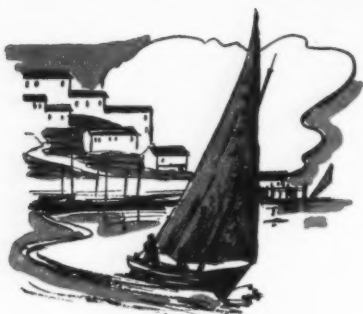
Bidding was lively when "one gen-u-ine live rabbit" was auctioned to the highest bidder at an auction held in the Hally School, Detroit, Michigan, to raise money for the service fund



COURTESY W. J. LAKE & SON

Students at Wyandotte, Michigan, put finishing touches on circus parade for their mural

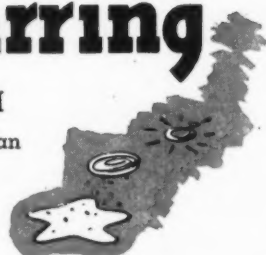
Two for the Show!



The Lost Earring

JOSEPHINE SMITH

Illustrations by Irvin E. Alleman



MARIA took the dripping shirt from her mother and spread it out on a prickly pear to dry. It had been soaped on a flat stone and rubbed hard, but it did not look very white, for the summers in Lisbon are rainless and the tiny rivulet that trickled slowly down the Alcantara Valley was murky from the washings of many women who lined its banks.

"That's the last!" Her mother straightened up with a sigh of relief.

Maria ran to collect the clothes, already dried and bleached by the burning sun. Some, held on the spear-like points of aloes, had wide rents in them. "But '*nao importa*'—it doesn't matter—surely they can be mended, and the

points keep them from blowing away!" said Maria. She piled all the wash in a basket and lifted it to her head.

"Maria, wait a minute!" called her friend Luiza.

"Be quick then, Luiza. Tomorrow is a *festa* and we are going to Setubal to visit my cousin Joanninha, because it is her Name Day. We are starting very early, and there is a lot to do before we are ready."

All three set out up the sun-baked valley and presently climbed to the narrow, cobbled street above. Soon they came to the house where they lived—Maria and her mother on the first floor, Luiza on the second.

"You will have a happy day tomorrow," said Luiza wistfully. "I have never been to Setubal."

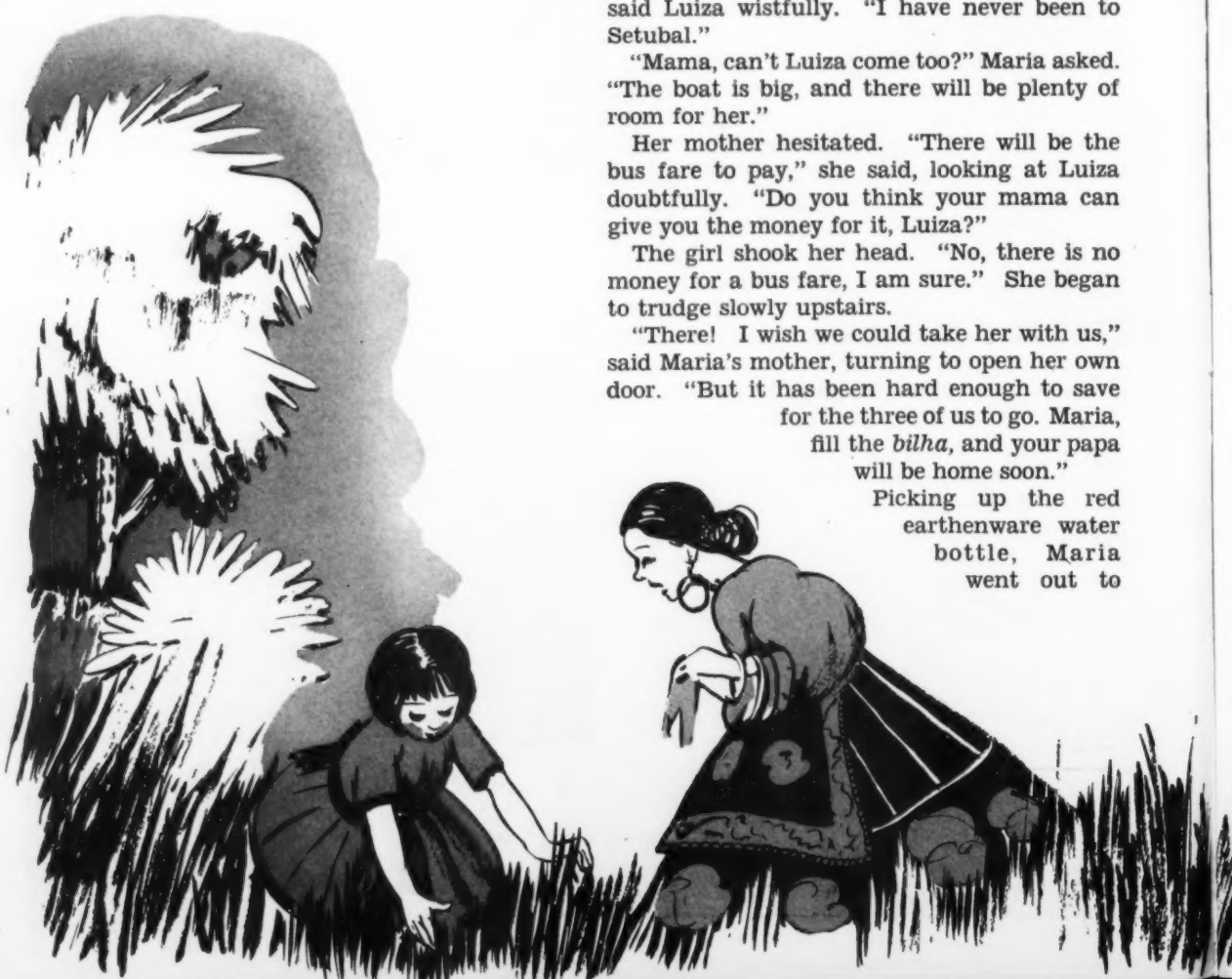
"Mama, can't Luiza come too?" Maria asked. "The boat is big, and there will be plenty of room for her."

Her mother hesitated. "There will be the bus fare to pay," she said, looking at Luiza doubtfully. "Do you think your mama can give you the money for it, Luiza?"

The girl shook her head. "No, there is no money for a bus fare, I am sure." She began to trudge slowly upstairs.

"There! I wish we could take her with us," said Maria's mother, turning to open her own door. "But it has been hard enough to save for the three of us to go. Maria, fill the *bilha*, and your papa will be home soon."

Picking up the red earthenware water bottle, Maria went out to



the fountain in the little praca, or square, just around the corner. There were many of her friends at the fountain, for this was the time for drawing water for the evening; but Maria had no time to chatter. She filled her *bilha* to the brim, poised it carefully on her head, and hurried home. After a glance at the savory rice browning on one corner of the little stove, to be sure that it was not burning, she went over to her mother, who was preparing some coarse dried cod, which they would eat with plenty of olive oil and garlic.

"Mama," she said slowly, "I have the money that Senhora da Silva gave me when I took back that special washing last week. You said I could keep it for myself to buy chestnuts on the *festa*. Do you think it would be enough to pay the bus fare for Luiza?"

"Why, yes." Her mother looked down at her with a smile. "If you want to use it for that."

So Maria ran joyfully upstairs to tell her friend the good news.

Early next morning they followed narrow cobbled streets that went up and down so steeply that they were like toboggan slides, until they reached the harbor and saw the wide, blue River Tagus sparkling and dancing in the sunlight at the foot of the city of Lisbon, with never a cloud in the sky to cast a shadow.

There were plenty of boats on the river already, and Maria's father soon had his red sail hoisted and they floated away, Maria and Luiza curled up on a coil of rope in the bow, trailing their hands in the cool water and counting the boats to see who could find the largest number. Presently they passed a great steamer with the name "Amazonia" in huge letters. Maria's father said it would sail that morning for South America, taking passengers to Brazil, where so many Portuguese live. When a sailor on deck waved his cap to them, Maria and Luiza waved back and felt very traveled and important.

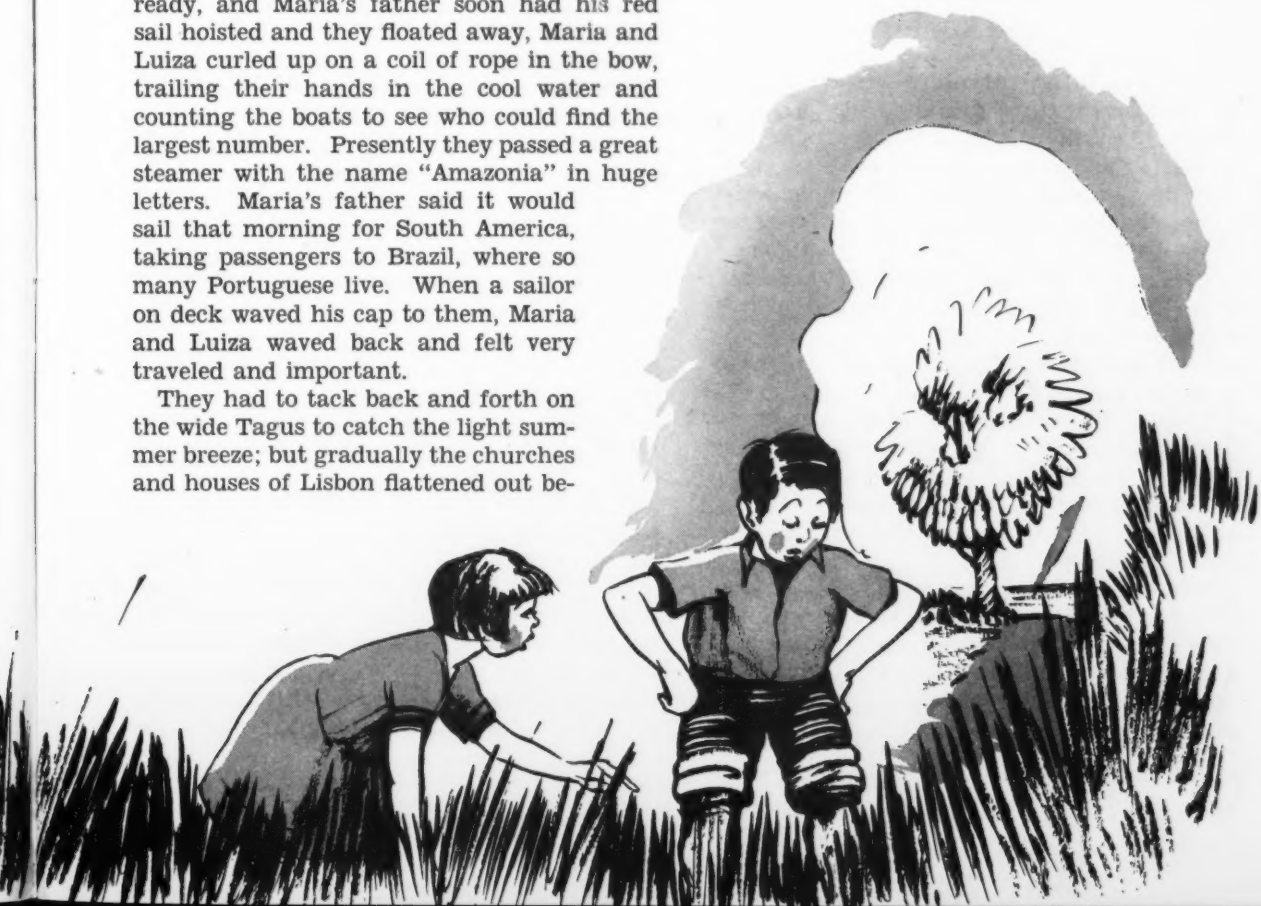
They had to tack back and forth on the wide Tagus to catch the light summer breeze; but gradually the churches and houses of Lisbon flattened out be-

hind, and the opposite bank loomed nearer. The bus was waiting at the landing, and in a few minutes they were rushing along, dashing up hills, skidding around corners, startling mule teams and almost brushing the horns of the oxen yoked to creaking country wagons. At last they reached Setubal on its bright blue bay. Setubal is a sardine fishing port and the quay is lined with factories—long, low buildings where the tiny fish are cleaned and packed in cans with olive oil to be sent away to American and other countries.

Maria's cousin worked in the sardine factory; but today she had a holiday, and when the bus arrived, there she was, with her mother and her twelve-year-old brother Pedro.

"Oh! Joanninha! How fine you look!" Maria gazed at her cousin's brightly embroidered dress, the gay red and yellow kerchief tied over her shining black hair, the gold chain falling halfway down the front of her bodice, her bracelets and the heavy, broad, gold earrings that nearly touched her shoulders.

Joanninha's sparkling brown eyes flashed happily as she answered, "It is the first time



Mama has let me wear the chain and the earrings; they were hers, but they are to be mine now."

Joanninha was seventeen and Maria, who was only fourteen, knew of course that the heavy gold jewelry would be her cousin's wedding portion when the time came presently for her to get married. She felt very proud to have a cousin who was so rich!

"We are going into the woods to picnic," said Aunt Anna, Joanninha's mother. They walked along the quay, past the sardine factories and past a group of fishermen carrying a catch of tiny fish. They wore big straw hats with the brims turned up sharply all around, and they carried the baskets of fish on the top of the hats. The water from the fish drained through the bottom of the baskets into the brims of the hats, and every now and then one of the fishermen set down his basket, took off his hat and poured out a stream of water, just as if he were emptying a pail.

A range of mountains rose behind the village and hemmed in one side of the bay, and in the valley, between the village and the mountains, were shady woods. The little party made its way through a grove of olives and soon came to bigger trees; they chose a fine old cork, with great outspreading branches. Then they unpacked their picnic baskets and set out the small, crusty loaves of bread, some thick hunks of cheese, tomatoes, olive oil, and a big bunch of bananas.

After lunch the grown-ups wanted to take a siesta, but the three girls and Pedro were not sleepy. Joanninha offered to take them to a rocky cove up the bay. The water was so clear that they could see all the shells and colored stones and seaweed lying on the golden sand at the bottom.

"Oh, look at that lovely bunch of seaweed!" cried Maria. "I expect there are lots of fish hiding under it!"

Luiza and Joanninha leaned over the edge of the rock to look.

Pedro gathered a handful of stones and began dropping them into the water. In a minute a whole school of sardines darted from the seaweed shelter and whisked away in every direction, their tiny fins cutting through the water like flashing jewels.

After a while the sun grew so hot that they slowly made their way back toward the cool woods. They had almost reached it when Maria suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Joanninha! You have only one earring! Where is the other?"

"It is gone! It must have dropped off—we must go back to look for it!" Joanninha cried.

They turned and began to walk slowly back, anxiously examining every step of the way and any grass or bushes near the path they had taken. But, search as they would, no sign of the missing earring could be found. They reached the rocks again and searched every nook and cranny. Still no earring. They were turning away in despair when suddenly Luiza ran back to the edge of the rock, lay down and peered once more into the clear water beneath.

"There it is!" she said. "Look! Just at the edge of that bank of seaweed where we saw the little fishes!"

"I see it! There it is!" Joanninha's voice was again alive with hope. But a moment later she spoke despairingly. "How can I ever get it back from there?"

Pedro was already on his bare feet, pulling off his shirt.

"I will get it for you, Joanninha. I can dive."

"Oh, but it is such a high rock—you might hurt yourself!"

Before the sentence ended there was a loud splash and, while the three girls stood breathlessly watching, Pedro swam under water to the seaweed; then, after a minute, he shot up to the surface again, shook the water out of his eyes and waved his hand. The sun flashed on the sparkling brightness of the thing he held.

"How will you get back? The rock is too steep to climb," Maria called out.

Pedro pointed to a sandy cove some distance away.

"I'll swim over there and then climb up—it is easy," he shouted back, and set out with a strong, quick stroke.

When the girls reached the cliff above the cove, Pedro had already climbed up and was lying in the sun to dry.

"Oh, Pedro! Your best knickers! Are they spoiled?" cried Maria.

"I will iron them for you," exclaimed Joanninha. "They will be all right, and they are almost dry already."

"What made you think of looking into the water, Luiza?" asked Maria.

"I just happened to think how our stones went 'Splash! Splash!' And it jumped into my head that one of the splashes might have been the earring falling. The gold looked like shining fish scales."

"It's a good thing you came with us. I don't

(Continued on page 12)

Bumpsadaisy— Japanese Style

ISOBEL MILLIER

American Red Cross Correspondent

DID YOU know that in Japan grownups, as well as children, like to play musical chairs, only they don't use chairs; that they are fond of indoor relay races and have great fun playing "Bumpsadaisy"?

It's quite true. Parlor games of all kinds are popular in Japan and are played with a vigor seldom observed among the very young of the United States. How do I know? Well, one evening I played Japanese parlor games; but before I tell you how much fun they were, and how they were played, let me tell you how it all happened.

It was at a party that several of us American friends attended in a Japanese inn. Now, a Japanese inn could be very much like an eating place in the United States except that, instead of having a separate table, you have a separate room for your party. In fact, the building is a series of rooms which can be made larger or smaller to accommodate any size party just by moving the paper-paneled walls.

The paid entertainers at these Japanese "supper clubs" are called "Geisha girls." They are very much like our show girls at home. A group of Geisha girls is assigned to each party. They sing and dance while an older woman, or chaperone, accompanies them on a strange instrument which looks like a guitar, only it's longer stemmed and has a smaller bowl. Between their songs and dances, they sit behind the guests and make conversation when they are called upon to do so.

This is an ancient and honorable profession in Japan where the Japanese custom is to give parties for the men of the family only. The women are kept in the background.

Since our party was made up of Americans, the Japanese custom did not hold, so there were men and women and one small boy with us. At the doorway of the inn everyone removed his shoes and slipped on the loose cloth slippers which were provided for us. We soon found that it was impossible to climb the highly polished, narrow stairs and still keep the loose slippers on our feet. Every time we'd lift a foot the slipper would fall off and we'd



Young son of an American Red Cross worker has fun playing "Bumpsadaisy" at a Japanese party

have to stop and put it on again. This amused the "born-to-the-slipper" Japanese who had a good laugh along with us over our awkward movements.

We were ushered into a large second floor room. Here the floors were covered with straw carpeting. We removed our house slippers before entering. We were seated on pillows at long narrow tables not more than a foot high. After we had settled ourselves the Geisha girls came in, one at a time, each bowing her head to the floor before she entered. They were dressed in colorful kimonos with bright colored *obis*, the name given to the wide sashes that hump out at the small of the back. The girls also wore white silk glove-like socks.

First of all, they sang and played for us in the formal manner, but as we became better acquainted someone suggested we all join in the Japanese version of the "conga line." Except for the rhythm and the music, which was in the Japanese minor pitch, it was not unlike any "conga chain" in America.

This succeeded in breaking the ice and prepared us for what was to follow—the Japanese version of musical chairs. Just how one plays musical chairs in a house where there are no chairs may confuse you. Pillows are the answer. And it will be well to remember that you have farther to fall.

To start, you place the pillows in a circle, leaving, of course, one less pillow than there are persons in the game. The guitar-like instrument begins playing and the players

march around the circle behind the pillows. When the music stops, everyone flops down on the nearest pillow. The player who doesn't get one is "out." This continues until the final pillow is in possession of the last person. As you can imagine, Japanese-style musical chairs is a somewhat rougher game than the American brand.

Next we had a relay race. It is started in the usual manner with two teams lined up. When the signal "go" is given, the first contestants run to the center of the floor, drop down on their knees, bow their heads to the floor once, quickly start picking up the small, flat, coin-shaped disks with chopsticks, then place them in a rice bowl. Once finished, the contestants return to their places and the next player in line starts the procedure. The first team through wins. Even for the chopstick-wise Japanese, this was a difficult job—like eating peas with a knife would be for us—but for stiff-fingered Americans the game is next to impossible.

Then came the Oriental version of an old American schoolboy favorite—"rock breaks scissors; scissors cut paper; etc." You all remember that one. In Japan the routine is: "man is master of the gun; gun is master of the fox; fox is master of the man." A special sign is given for each of the three moves, and on the count of three the contestants give one of the three signs. The contestant whose sign masters the other is declared the winner of that round. The game starts with the two participants facing each other. As one or the other loses a game, he bends slightly at the knees and continues the game from that position. If he loses again, he bends down even farther. The game is over when one or the other participant is stooped too low to continue. The game is carried on rapidly, and in rhythm, with the chanting: "one, two, three, you bend down"—only, of course, in Japanese.

The "bumpsadaisy" game climaxed the evening and brought forth roars of approval from both Japanese and Americans. A pillow is placed in the middle of the floor and two people—preferably a Japanese and an American—stand back to back, their heels resting on the pillow. At the count of three, they each give a backward lunge, trying to dislodge the opponent's feet from the pillow. Or better yet, they try to push each other through the nearest paper wall. What evoked the most laughter was a long-legged American paired against a diminutive Japanese girl. At the

count of three, the only contact that could be made was the long-legged American sitting firmly, but politely, on the tiny Japanese girl's obi.

The games continued long into the night, with the Americans winding up the show by teaching the Japanese some of our games and songs. When, at last, we arose to go, shuffling downstairs in our ill-fitting slippers to where we had left our shoes, the whole family and staff followed us, waited patiently while we laced, strapped and buttoned our foot gear, then tucked us into our waiting jeeps.

As we hurried home through the darkened streets of the Tokyo suburb, someone put into words what we had all been thinking, that musical chairs and bumpsadaisy games, Japanese style, were not much different from the American variety, and were equally as much fun.

The Lost Earring

(Continued from page 10)

believe the rest of us would ever have thought of such a thing!"

Luiza laughed happily.

"It took all three of us to do it," she said. "You to bring me; me to have the idea; and Pedro to dive into the water!"

As they all walked back towards the village, they passed an old woman sitting behind a red earthenware brazier containing a handful of hot charcoal on which she was roasting chestnuts.

Joanninha stopped and spoke to the old woman, holding out her hand. Maria heard her say, "Three bags, please!"

The old woman handed them out with a nod and a smile. Joanninha gave one each to Maria, Luiza and Pedro.

"See! I pay for my gold earring with chestnuts!" she said, laughing.

It was dark when the bus brought Luiza and Maria and her mother and father back to the Tagus. As they floated over the moon-silvered water, the sound of guitarras came to them, accompanied by voices singing the favorite fados, or folk songs, with their odd rhythm. Maria and Luiza joined in the singing; and presently Maria gave a little sigh.

"It has been a happy day!" she said softly.

"Yes, it has been a happy day!" echoed Luiza.

Let's Go Shopping in Spanish

ALMA REISBERG

THIS page is another on travel to help you boys and girls during your stay in a country where Spanish is spoken.

You will find it fun to shop at the market, el mercado (ell mayr-kah'-doh) and the shops, las tiendas (lahs tee-ayn'-dahs). Remember to take along some money, el dinero (ell dee-nay'-roh).

Do you sell handkerchiefs?

¿Venden aquí los pañuelos?

(Vayn'-dayn ah-kee' lohs pahn-yoo-ay'-lohs)

How much is it?

¿Cuánto vale?

(Kwahn'-toh vah'-lay?)

Too much, something cheaper.

Muy caro, algo más barato.

(Moo'-ee kah'-roh, ahl'-goh mahs bah-rah'-toh)

I like it; I don't like it.

Me gusta; no me gusta.

(May goos'-tah; noh may goos'-tah)

Months

January—*enero* (ay-nay'-roh)

February—*febrero* (fay-bray'-roh)

March—*marzo* (mahr'-soh)

April—*abril* (ah-breel')

May—*mayo* (my'oh)

June—*junio* (hoo'-nee-oh)

July—*julio* (hoo'-lee-oh)

August—*agosto* (ah-gohs'-toh)

September—*septiembre* (sayp-tee-aym'bray)

October—*octubre* (ohk-too'-bray)

November—*noviembre* (noh-vee-aym'-bray)

December—*diciembre* (dee-see-aym'-bray)

Telling Time

What time is it?

¿Qué hora es?

(Kay oh'-rah ays?)

It is 1:20.

Es la una y veinte.

(Ays lah oo'-nah ee vayn'-tay)

It is 1:55.

Son las dos menos cinco.

(Sohn lahs dohs may'-nohs seen'-koh)

It is 8:15.

Son las ocho y cuarto.

(Sohn lahs oh'-choh ee kwar'-toh)



LA PULSERA
(LAH POOL-SAY-RAH)



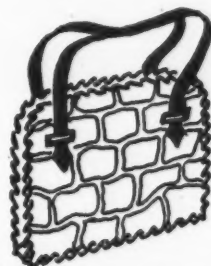
EL ANILLO
(ELL AH-NEE-YOH)



EL SOMBRERO
(ELL SOHM-BRAY'-ROH)



EL CINTURÓN
(ELL SEEN-TOOR-OHN)



LA BOLSA
(LAH BOHL-SAH)



LOS HUARACHES
(LOHS WAH-RAH'-CHAYS)



EL BANCO
(ELL BAHN-KOH)



LA LOZA
(LAH LOH'-SAH)



LA CESTA
(LAH SAYS-TAH)

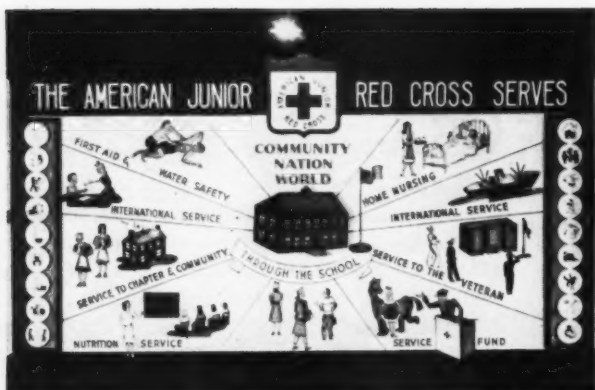


LAS MUÑECAS
(LAHS MOON-YAY-KAHS)



EL SARAPE
(ELL SAH-RAH-PAY)

Step Right This Way! See American J



Above: American Junior Red Cross display at convention of American National Red Cross in Philadelphia, June, 1946

Below: Exhibit of Junior Red Cross handiwork at meeting in New York City of New Jersey Parent Teachers Association

PHOTO BY TOMMY WEBER, NEW YORK



W. J. LAKE & SON, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Above: Toys and favors made by Junior Red Cross members in Detroit, Michigan, were displayed at the J. L. Hudson Auditorium in lighted shadow boxes

Below: Exhibit of dolls, posters, favors and other articles made during summer playground program by Junior Red Cross in Overland, Missouri

ARC PHOTO



THE TIMES, GREENWICH, CONN.

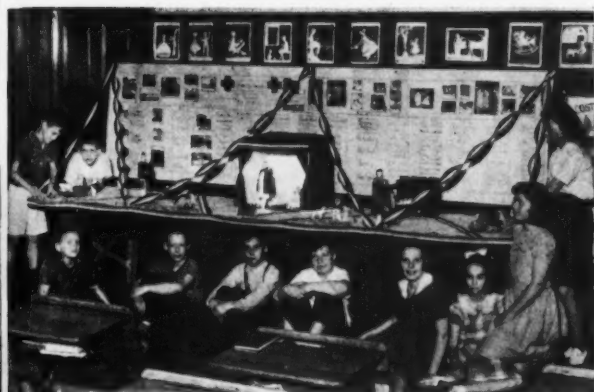
Above: Articles made by Junior Red Cross, or bought with money they earned, exhibited at Junior Red Cross meeting in Greenwich, Connecticut

Below: Junior Red Cross members, Rochester, New York, arrange exhibit window showing variety of articles made as part of their service program

H. CAMPBELL PHOTOS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Junior Red Cross Work on Display!



AYRES & STEVENS, CORNING, N. Y.

Above: Part of exhibit made by sixth graders, Corning, New York, showing history and organization of the American Red Cross and its activities

Below: Junior Red Cross booth at the San Joaquin County Fair, Stockton, California, drew many visitors because of its attractive display

LOGAN CAMERA SHOP, STOCKTON, CALIF.



Below: Ithaca, New York, Junior Red Cross members display afghans, games, and other articles they made for men in the armed forces

GLENN A. SMITH, THE ITHACA JOURNAL, ITHACA, N. Y.



Below: Production exhibit, one of six Junior Red Cross booths displayed at Municipal Auditorium by Junior Red Cross of Memphis, Tennessee

POLAND PHOTOGRAPHERS, MEMPHIS, TENN.



DENNY HAYES, TIMES-HERALD, DALLAS, TEXAS

Above: Window display of work made by Junior Red Cross members in Dallas, Texas, for benefit of servicemen and veterans in hospitals



NEW YORK SUN

Above: An exhibit of toys made by Junior Red Cross in New York City for children of servicemen and veterans, and for children in hospitals

It Made All the Difference

A True Story

HERE IS a true story we know will be very interesting to you.

When war broke out, Derek Whitmarsh and his father, who are British subjects, and Derek's mother, an American, were in the Philippine Islands. They were put in a Prisoner-of-War camp in the Philippines. For 3 years and 4 months they were interned in civilian prison camps.

Because Derek and his parents were greatly helped through receiving Red Cross Prisoner-of-War packages, Derek went to the national headquarters of the American Red Cross when he visited Washington not long ago and expressed his sincere appreciation to the American Red Cross.

Derek is now 14 years old and goes to school in Ontario, Canada. In prison camp he was tutored by American and missionary teachers so that he was able to take his place in regular schools when he was rescued.

Derek wants to be a marine architect some day. While he was interned he built a model ship from some old oil cans, formerly part of a prison shack.

We asked him to write you something of his experience in the Prisoner-of-War Camp, because we knew you would enjoy his views on what Red Cross assistance had meant to him and his parents.

"The most wonderful Christmas package that I ever received was from the American Red Cross on Christmas in 1944.

"At that time I was a prisoner of the Japanese at Camp Holmes, high in the mountains of Luzon Island in the Philippines. It had been rumored that we would receive the packages but I did not believe it could be true. We had heard so many rumors for so long.

"They did arrive! We could hardly wait to open the cardboard box. Inside were four cartons. Immediately I said: 'Let's eat all we want to for once.' Then, I hadn't eaten enough for the past two years.

"My mother said: 'If you did that, you'd be sick. This package has to last a long time. We may never get another and the day will come when there is no food at all.'

"I don't know how my mother knew, but it was true. When the Americans rescued us



Derek Whitmarsh looks over picture of internment camps on file at American Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, D. C. Aiding him is Arthur Robinson, Assistant Director, Relief to Prisoners of War

fourteen months later we still had one tin of butter and one tin of meat which we kept for an 'emergency.'

"I hope American boys will never know what hunger means. I used to cry myself to sleep with the pain of so little food.

"But it taught me not to waste food and to be thankful when I had it.

"I especially enjoyed the chocolate in the package. To make it last a long time, I took only one bite a day and then carefully wrapped it up.

"All we were given to eat was a handful of rice or corn twice a day and some boiled weeds. On this, we placed a teaspoon of butter or a teaspoon of meat or a teaspoon of jam, which were all in your wonderful package. That is how we made it last for fourteen months.

"Just that taste made all the difference, and I will remember it as long as I live. •

"That is why I came to the Red Cross on my first visit to Washington to thank them and the people of America for their great kindness and to let them know that even a little boy could and did appreciate their gift.

"Very sincerely,

Derek"

Let's Ride on Our Magic Carpet

SPRING is in the air, even in the more frigid sections of our country. It is the season when Nature prepares for her annual miracles. It is a season, too, when people, old and young, develop what some call "itching feet." It is not possible for us to call on all of our young friends in America, but through the magic carpet of Junior Red Cross intersectional school correspondence we can do the next best thing. So set yourselves comfortably on our carpet and we'll go visiting.

Utah

What wonderful speed this carpet has! Here we are in Salt Lake City, Utah, where the Holaday School has something very interesting to tell about sugar. In an album that school has prepared they have written:

"Two years after the Mormon pioneers had settled in Utah, Brigham Young sent several men to go to different parts of Europe to find out what industries might be established in the West. John Taylor went to France where he investigated the growing and culture of sugar beets. He secured plans and machinery for the manufacture of beet sugar. At Liverpool, the Deseret Manufacturing Company was organized with a capitalization of sixty thousand dollars. Elias Morris accompanied the machinery to New Orleans. The machinery was loaded in fifty large Santa Fe wagons, and moved westward with two hundred yoke of oxen. The caravan reached its destination in the spring. A mill site was located and a factory erected at what is now called Sugar, a part of Salt Lake City. This factory was only able to make syrup, but from this beginning has grown the great beet sugar industry of Utah.

"The sugar beet came to the United States from Europe. The Society of Philadelphia in 1836 decided to send men to Europe to study the sugar beet.

"In France, they watched the seeds planted, the beets harvested, and the sugar extracted from them. They observed that the beets improved farming methods and that the by-products were almost as valuable as the crop itself. They saw in it all a new source of agricultural wealth for the United States.

"Pennsylvania was the first state to grow them, but the sugar industry was not success-

ful until they were grown in the western part of the United States."

Nevada

That was interesting. Well, hang on, for we're off to Lovelock, Nevada, where the Lake Consolidated School has something interesting to tell about a famous sack of flour.

"Nevada's agriculture is carried on by irrigation because of the state's small rainfall.

"Nevada has many types of soil and plant life within its boundaries. About one half of the land is covered with sagebrush, greasewood, and scattered bunch grass. This land is used for livestock grazing. Beef cattle and sheep raising are very important on Nevada ranches and grazing lands.

"A number of horses are raised in Nevada, too. There are also wild horses, called mustangs, in the hills. Sometimes they are driven into corrals by airplanes or else they are driven by a person riding horseback.

"Did you ever hear of one sack of flour which was sold and brought in \$275,000? I am going to tell you about a sack of flour which weighed fifty pounds.

"In 1861, they had an election for mayor in a mining town called Austin, Nevada. Mr. Gridley, a storekeeper, and another man both thought a different man would be elected mayor. They decided that the one who was wrong would have to carry a fifty-pound sack of flour on his back for a mile. The band was to march behind and play.

"Mr. Gridley had to carry the sack of flour. Then he decided to sell the sack of flour. The money was to go to the United States Sanitary Commission which was to help the soldiers in the Civil War. He sold the flour and then the person who bought it would give it back so he could sell it again. He sold it many times.

"Mark Twain was working on the newspaper in Virginia City, Nevada. He heard about the sack of flour so he telegraphed to Austin to have it brought to Virginia City.

"This sack of flour was sold in mining towns all over Nevada. Then it was taken to California.

"Later Mr. Gridley went on a year's tour of the Eastern States. He sold and re-sold the flour. The total amount of money this sack of flour raised was \$275,000!"

BOYS BETTER BREAKFASTERS

(The results of this survey were originally printed in NUTRITION NEWS, a monthly newsletter from Nutrition Service, Hennepin County Chapter, American Red Cross, Minneapolis, Minnesota.)

"A survey conducted in Hennepin County Schools during December by the Red Cross Nutrition Service shows that 66 per cent of all the girls and 62 per cent of all the boys ate breakfasts which were poor or only fair—the foods consistently omitted in 64 per cent being cereal and fruit.

"The study is based on 1,857 children, ages 5 to 17, with the bulk of the ages falling between 6 and 14 years. There were 888 girls—197 of whom came from farm homes and 639 from village homes. (Fifty-two did not answer the question.) Of the 969 boys, 214 were from farm homes and 743 from village homes. (Twelve did not answer the question.)

"Replies to the questions: **Do you eat breakfast every morning?** **Did you eat breakfast this morning?** **Do you have time to eat breakfast?**—indicate no significant difference in the answers obtained from both boys and girls. Most all of them ate breakfast every morning and had time to eat breakfast.

"For the purpose of the survey, a chart of breakfast patterns was set up, ranging from the best possible to no breakfast at all:

Type A (excellent)—Milk as beverage; fruit; bread and butter; cereal with milk; eggs, and any additional foods

Type B (good)—Milk as beverage; fruit; bread and butter; cereal with milk

Type C (fair)—Milk as beverage; fruit; bread or cereal; if no fruit, then bread and cereal

Type D (poor)—Milk, or beverages other than milk and one other food; or no breakfast at all.

"In checking the types of breakfasts eaten by the total number of boys and the total number of girls (regardless of ages) the percentages show that 40 per cent of the girls and 38 per cent of the boys ate the 'C' type. A slightly larger percentage of both girls and boys ate the 'D' type than the 'B.' One per cent of the children ate no breakfast at all, and only 13.5 per cent of both girls and boys ate an excellent Type 'A' breakfast.

"In considering the average percentages of village and farm children eating each type of breakfast, the tendency was toward better breakfasts on the part of the children coming from farm homes."

GET IN THE SWIM

When summer vacation is mentioned one's thoughts gaily turn to the ocean, the lake, or the old swimming pool. The American Red Cross has long been associated with the water safety program. Too many adults think only of the Junior and Senior Life Saving courses offered

Junior Nutrition Aides of Hennepin County Chapter, Minnesota, staff nutrition information booth in Minneapolis grocery



a Teachers

M J. FLYNN

ally
as
the foundation upon which all our
a state depend."—Disraeli.

by the Red Cross. These courses are open to boys and girls in grades 7 through 12, who are 12 years of age or over. The swimming courses, however, are open to any grade and any age. They consist of the following courses:

Beginner, Intermediate, Swimmer and Advanced.

The objectives of these courses are: (1) Self-preservation in water, (2) physical fitness, and (3) in the two upper courses (swimmer and advanced), basic assistance to others in emergencies. A water safety instructor who has received preliminary training and the Water Safety Instructor's course is eligible to teach these courses upon proper authority by area office. If these courses are not given in your community, ask your chapter chairman to take the necessary steps for making these courses available to the boys and girls.

MORE ABOUT THE CALENDAR PICTURE

When the playground in the mining town of La Louviere, Belgium, was opened over 20 years ago, 3,000 children from the primary schools in the town marched in a body to the grounds for the opening ceremonies.

There they found the once large, bare tract of ground, which had been selected by the town fathers, transformed into a place intended just for them, a place where they could spend hours playing together. Simple playground apparatus had been set up. On one side of the grounds a building had been erected where they could

play games on rainy days. In it, too, shower baths had been provided in order that the children might enjoy the pleasant feel of warm, sudsy showers. Playground supervisors were on hand to meet the children and to help them organize games.

Year after year, since the La Louviere playground was established as a result of the gift made possible by the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross, thousands of children have come there to play and have gained in health and vigor.

A playground was particularly appreciated by the boys and girls in that section of Belgium in which La Louviere is located, for, at best, it was a hard place for children. Not only had that part of Belgium been occupied by the enemy during the war, but the atmosphere of the town itself was drab and dark with smoke. Hundreds of tall chimneys were constantly belching forth clouds of soft coal smoke which settled down into the valley, coating everything with soot and making it a sad place for children to grow up in.

During World War II, two of our American Red Cross workers happened to visit La Louviere one day and were shown the playground there. In front of the recreation building they found the plaque upon which was inscribed the name of the playground and the fact that it was a gift of American Junior Red Cross.



Junior Red Cross members of Paterson Chapter, New Jersey, learn to swim in their Red Cross class

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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MAY, 1947

NO. 8

Officers of the American National Red Cross

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ELIZABETH W. ROBINSON	Contributing Editor

The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

Friendliness

Lucia Cabot

White clouds, that look like rabbits,
Are floating in the sky;
I wish they'd stop and play with me,
Instead of riding by.

The wind blows in and out the trees,
And dances through the street;
I often try to catch it,
Yet we never seem to meet.

The squirrel that lives across the road,
Runs up and down our walk,
But when I try to speak to him,
He never wants to talk.

But all our birds are quite polite,
I feed them every day;
They chirp and sing and watch for me,
In such a friendly way.

I think if all the people
In countries near and far,
Would be as friendly as our birds,
We'd never have a war!

Good Will Day

MAY 18th is one day which has been set aside for world-neighbors to remember one another with messages of friendship. Now that the war has ended and the United Nations are trying to work out a plan so that all nations may live together in peace, Good Will Day has a special meaning.

From the young people of Wales comes this

message to young people throughout the world:

"This is Wales speaking! With all our hearts we rejoice today with the young people of all the countries where the sun of freedom shines once more. . . .

"On this day of Good Will, we shall consecrate ourselves anew to the service of our neighbor, our family, and our country, so that our country in turn may better serve the world of which we are all members.

"We, the millions of young people, want to say of ourselves, as we grow up, that we are friends of all, and enemies of none!"

One of the British teachers on exchange with a teacher from the United States writes thus of her impressions of the good will and friendship she has observed growing up through the activities of the Junior Red Cross:

"What a grand experience it is to see these bonds of friendship springing up between our children! In this modern world of fear, suspicion, and hostility between nations, it is good to see the boys and girls exhibiting such spontaneous and generous expressions of good will. The Junior Red Cross is doing an excellent work in helping these children to think of others. They are learning the invaluable lessons of *giving*, *helping*, and *sharing*, and are setting an example of international good fellowship which the leaders of the nations might do well to emulate. In a future which often seems dark and gloomy and full of frightful possibilities, their comradeship provides a ray of hope that peace and good will may be just around the corner. May their wise and generous impulses continue as they reach maturity and so help establish the kind of world we all long to see."


In recent months, Chinese and American children have exchanged gifts as an expression of friendship for each other. Included with the Chinese gifts was this letter expressing the gratitude of Chinese youth to the youth of America:

"We, the youth of our two countries, are the future masters of America and China. Wherever we grow up, whether in Chicago or Nanking, New York or Shanghai, upon our shoulders rests the responsibility of upholding the traditions of friendship and furthering good will between our two countries."

If space permitted, we could go on quoting letters and telling you about the exchanges of messages of good will and gifts of friendship that are being made between the children of one nation and the children of another.

Ideas on the March

GLOOM-CHASERS


 DURING May there are many special occasions when holiday favors can carry cheer and friendly greetings to shut-ins in hospitals and other institutions. May Day, Mothers' Day—or even a Circus Day—offer opportunities for seeing how clever you can be in producing tray favors, nut cups, tray mats, carnival caps and small wall-posters that will break the sameness of long weary days for those who must remain indoors.

This letter from a Red Cross worker in a Waukesha, Wisconsin, hospital proves just how popular this type of friendly greeting can become:

We like to have attractive favors on each tray and on the dining room tables for patients at each of the three meals on all holidays. We require about 750 for each holiday. We find that all of those little extras are good morale builders. They give the most ordinary meal a party atmosphere that is very stimulating.

We greatly appreciate the wonderful cooperation we have had from the Junior Red Cross.

LOOKING BACKWARD

 ANOTHER school year is drawing to a close. Classes are completing their Junior Red Cross work. This is a fitting time at which to look back over the last few months and briefly sum up Junior Red Cross activities.

Have you proved the sincerity of your Junior Red Cross pledge, "*We believe in service for others*"? Have you helped children, servicemen, old people in homes and hospitals; have you sent greetings and gifts and extended the hand of friendship across the seas to children in war-torn areas? Have you helped your own chapter and school "make the wheels go round"?

Have you observed another part of your pledge, "*to fit us for better service*"? Have you trained in First Aid, Water Safety, Accident Prevention, Home Nursing, Nutrition—or made plans to train as soon as you are old enough?

Have you shown that you believe in "*working for better human relations throughout the world*" by filling gift boxes, sending letterbooklets and correspondence albums to children in your own and other countries? Have you contributed your share to the National Children's Fund?

Have you proved your interest in other persons and the welfare of your country by help-




Drawing from a school correspondence album

ing to preserve our national forests and doing all you could to conserve food? Have you earned and sacrificed in order to support your local Junior Red Cross Service Fund?

Have you made toys for children overseas, worked on books for the blind, kept yourselves fit by observing health rules or taking health courses?

And, having made this summary of activities of your group for the year, does the complete picture please you? Could it be improved?

LOOKING FORWARD

 THERE ARE two things to plan before you go on your summer vacation from school: (1) summer activities to keep the work of the Junior Red Cross going; (2) plans for next fall and a new school term when you're going to accomplish all those things you couldn't quite get to this year.

Summer Activities

MANY members are planning to form neighborhood groups to take training in First Aid, Water Safety, Accident Prevention, Nutrition or Home Nursing. If you're interested in such training, ask your teacher-sponsor to call your chapter office and request that the group be assigned a qualified instructor. Remember, it's easier to get the "gang" together now before school lets out; so make your plans right away.

Junior Red Cross production mustn't stop just because schools are closed. Summer



"May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii." Leis made by Junior Red Cross girls for Schofield Hospital

playground programs include craft activities. If enough of you are interested, arrangements can be made to continue Junior Red Cross production of soft toys, tray favors, party favors and other articles at summer play spots.

Summer is a wonderful time to put on that variety show, the circus, pet show or fair that the neighborhood boys and girls have been plotting and never had time to carry out. And what a fine opportunity to combine fun and friendship by making this the occasion for increasing the money in that Junior Red Cross Service Fund!

Everybody wants to be out-of-doors in beautiful summer weather. If you plant a garden before it's too late, you can raise food for the family table and show off all that you learned in your Red Cross nutrition classes by preparing some specialties for Mother and Dad. Preserving food is fun; and it's good to know that by raising and preserving your own vegetables you are saving food for others.

Flower gardens will make it possible for you to keep those patients in hospitals supplied with cheerful tokens of friendship, too.

Plans for Fall

Don't let school close before you've made some definite plans for Junior Red Cross work next year.

You will want to consider some of the following questions right now, if you look forward to "clear sailing" when you get back to school next semester.

Do you know who your teacher-sponsor will be? Do you know for what holidays and special occasions you will want to prepare? Do you know what activities now under way you will want to continue? Do you know what activities you can now try that you were not old enough to take part in this past year?

School girl giving lei to service man in Honolulu hospital



Are you entering Junior or Senior High? If so, have you gotten acquainted with the Junior Red Cross *Journal*, which you will be reading as you now read the *News*? Have you had a "look-see" at the high school Junior Red Cross program so you'll know what activities you want to enter?

Have you begun making plans for fall enrollment and the National Children's Fund?

MAY DAY



LONG AGO in Merrie England people celebrated the first day of May by gathering fresh flowers to distribute to their friends, and by dancing around a garlanded maypole erected on the green. Early Americans in New England continued the custom, rising early in the morning to surprise their friends by leaving baskets of flowers on their doorsteps. Today many schools throughout our country observe May Day as Child Health Day. But it remained for some of our island citizens to introduce one of the loveliest customs of all.

The Hawaii Chapter recently sent the following story of May Day activities in Honolulu:

Yesterday was one of our big days. No doubt you have heard the saying, "May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii." With the help of two Motor Corps girls, we collected 3,000 fresh flower leis from 32 schools in Honolulu and distributed them to patients in every service and civilian hospital in Oahu.



Paper-sculptured maypole dance made by American Junior Red Cross, Reading, Pennsylvania

RECIPE FOR FUN AND FAVORS

★ WANT to experiment in something new and different? Take a pair of scissors, some bright-colored paper, a bit of string and glue. Mix with imagination and a desire to help your neighbor. Result—tray favors and centerpieces for hospital dining rooms that are distinctly different, made by paper "sculpturing."

An art supervisor at Kutztown Teachers College, Reading, Pennsylvania, started the idea in one of her classes in design. The teacher-students enjoyed it; they found that boys and girls in elementary and junior high schools enjoyed it, too. And so they pass the idea on to you.

On this page you will find a photograph of a May Day table centerpiece designed by the college students and submitted as a suggested activity for Junior Red Cross members of the Berks County (Reading, Pennsylvania) Chapter. Worked out in bright colors, the little figures of the May Queen and her attendants seem to have three dimensions and appear almost to move and breathe.

Paper sculpture can be used in many ways. Party favors and table centerpieces are popular subjects, but some Juniors also find this method of design an excellent means of illustrating what they have learned about other countries, and a graphic way of showing other children ways of American life. "Chinese Villages," "Indian Villages," "Pioneer Villages," are some of the subjects chosen by Juniors for paper sculpture tableaux.

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER?

How do Japanese children play musical chairs and other parlor games? How do you tell time in Spanish? When and where was a single sack of flour sold for \$275,000?

You will find answers to these questions in this issue of the NEWS, which also contains other interesting information about people at home and abroad. Why not put the NEWS at the top of your reading list?

TURN-ABOUT



STUDENTS of the Madeleine School in Berkeley, California, have established a record in the filling of gift boxes earmarked for overseas countries. Every pupil in the school packed one, to a total of 225.

Special enthusiasm for the project was shown by Jeanne de Luart, fifth grade pupil, who was on the receiving end one wartime Christmas in Paris. Jeanne, who came to this country last May, told classmates how thrilled she, her sister and two cousins were by the contents of the gift boxes. There were pencils, tablets, soap, a jump-rope and, best of all, real toothpaste and a toothbrush with good bristles. The last two items were unobtainable in Paris.



French girl in Berkeley, California, finds it is "more blessed to give than to receive" gift boxes

Whistley Jim and the Wrong Side of Bed

Catherine Woolley



Pictures by Harry Goff

WHISTLEY JIM was a whistle on top of a factory. The factory was in a little town called Cloverdale.

Whistley Jim was the only factory whistle in Cloverdale. "There goes Whistley Jim," the people would say when they heard him blow.

He was very proud of his town.

His tall smokestack looked down on the neat stores of Rolling Stone Road, with their awnings to keep out the sun. He could see Henderson's meat and grocery store, Coogan's drugstore, Tony the barber's, and Phil the vegetable man's.

He could see the village green, where members of the band in their neat uniforms played music on summer evenings.

He could see the brick school where the children learned arithmetic and history and how to spell "Mississippi."

He could see the red firehouse, where the shiny, red fire engine lived.

He could see his own factory. The factory was neat, with green vines growing

all over it and green grass around it, which the gardener was always cutting.

Almost all the fathers in Cloverdale, except Mr. Henderson, the meat and grocery man; Mr. Coogan, the drugstore man; Tony, the barber; and Phil, the vegetable man, worked in Whistley Jim's factory.

Whistley Jim was very proud of helping to run the town.

Every morning at seven o'clock he gave a soft, pleasant *toot* that said, "Time to get up, everyone!"

Then all the fathers got up and shaved.

All the mothers got up and fixed the cereal for breakfast.

All the children got up and helped their mothers.

Pretty soon Whistley Jim gave a loud businesslike whistle that said, "Time to go to work, everyone!"

Then all the fathers took their lunchboxes (with sandwiches and bananas in them), and waved good-bye and started

for the factory. All the children kissed their mothers and hurried off to school.

After that Whistley Jim rested until time for the twelve o'clock whistle. That was a *good* whistle. Sometimes he whistled a couple of minutes early, just for fun.

"Time for lunch, everyone," the whistle said.

There was one more whistle—the five o'clock one. Whistley Jim liked that one best. He had a special tune for five o'clock:

"*Whoo! Whooooooooooooooooo! Whoo! whoo! whoo!—whoo, WHOO!*"

And *that* meant, "Time to go home, everyone!"

When they heard the five o'clock whistle, all the fathers stopped working, put on their coats and hurried home (not forgetting their empty lunchboxes, of course).

All the mothers put the kettle on for supper.

All the children put away their bicycles and went in to study their lessons.

And when everyone was safely home, Whistley Jim's work was done. He was a good whistle, all right.

But one morning Whistley Jim got out on the wrong side of the bed.

He got up feeling cranky.

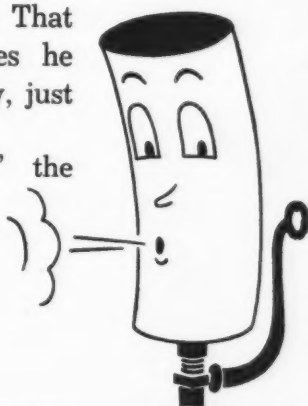
"What can I do that's *bad*?" said Whistley Jim.

"I know," he said. "The *baddest* thing I can do is to blow very early—*long* before seven o'clock. I'll make the people get up when they're feeling so-o-o sleepy! That will be fun!"

So he blew very early.

But nobody was sleepy. They'd had a good rest. They said, "Ho-hum, what a

dark morning! I guess it's going to rain."



The mothers made the fathers take their umbrellas and the children put on their rubbers and that was all that happened.

"Pooh!" said Whistley Jim. "*That* wasn't much fun."

So the next time Whistley Jim got out the wrong side of bed, he said, "This time I won't blow until long after seven o'clock. Then they'll all be late. The boss will be very mad at the men. The teacher will be cross and scold the children. That will be fine! That will be fun!"

So he blew very late.

But all the people stretched and said, "Ho-hum, what a good long sleep!"

The boss wasn't mad and the teacher didn't scold, because they were just as late as anybody. And that was all that happened.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Whistley Jim. "*That* wasn't much fun."

So the next time Whistley Jim got out on the wrong side of bed he said, "Now





I'll wait till the middle of the night, and I'll blow so hard I'll scare the wits out of people. Then I'll nearly die laughing!"

So he waited till all the fathers and mothers and children were asleep. Then he drew a deep breath. He blew the loudest he could blow.

"Toot, toot, toot! Toot, toot, toot! Toot, toot, toot!" screamed Whistley Jim.

Now the fathers were also the firemen in case of fire. Out of bed they jumped!

"Fire!" they cried.

They pulled on their trousers and shirts. They grabbed their firemen's hats. They rushed out of their houses and ran like everything to the firehouse.

Out came the fire engine, *clang, clang, clang!*

They rode all around Cloverdale, sniffing for smoke and making a great loud clang.

Finally they said, "False alarm!" They drove the fire engine back.

Then Mr. Henderson, the grocer, invited all the fathers into his grocery store. They had ham sandwiches and pickles and cheese to eat. Mrs. Henderson got up and made a big pot of coffee in the kitchen in back of the store.

"My, that was fun!" said the fathers, as they went back to bed.

But Whistley Jim didn't enjoy it a bit. He was in a terrible temper.

He wanted to do the worst thing he could possibly think of to do.

Finally he thought, "Tomorrow I won't blow at all! The people won't know when to get up or go to work, or eat lunch, or go home to supper. That will certainly upset things good and proper!"

So he didn't blow his time-to-get-up whistle.

But not a father or a mother or a child in Cloverdale was upset.

Do you know what happened?

"This is a holiday!" said the fathers.

"We won't go to work."

"We won't go to school!" said the children.

"We'll have chicken for dinner!" said the mothers.

They never gave a thought to Whistley Jim.

After dinner the mothers and fathers and children put on their best clothes.



They went for a walk. They listened to a band concert on the village green.

When it got dark they had
FIREWORKS!

The loudest fireworks you ever *heard!*
MUCH louder than Whistley Jim!

"Bang, bang . . . swish, pop . . .
BANG!"

Whistley Jim was scared out of his wits!

"Bang, bang . . . pop, swish . . .
BANG, BANG!"

Whistley Jim was so scared he nearly fainted.

But nobody noticed. Everybody was watching the fireworks. Everybody liked the fireworks but Whistley Jim.

My, but Whistley Jim was glad when that holiday was over.

He hadn't had a bit of fun.

The badness was scared right out of him.

"I think I'll be good for a change," said Whistley Jim.

The next morning he felt fine and dandy.

He blew his time-to-get-up whistle right on the dot of seven.

He didn't feel like being bad again for ages.



A Song for Sally Ann

(Continued from page 6)

"You tell her," Jim nodded to Andy.

"No—you tell her," Andy said.

"Button back your ears then and listen," Jim said. "Andy and I met up at Uncle Billy Martin's. That's where we made up." He looked at Andy and grinned. "He gave me a new fiddle string and five dollars—half o' his prize money—he'd kept it all that time!—so I'd take back the bad opinion I've had about him. And I did," he went on. "I said right out in front of Uncle Billy Martin, that I don't blame Andy any longer for that broken fiddle string."

"Oh," cried Sally Ann happily, "I'm so glad to hear that. Oh, it's good news, sure-enough!"

"Button back your ears again," Jim said. "You haven't heard it all. Now we aimed to surprise you. So we've been practicing together now and then. When we had the tune down pat we were going to tell you and ask you to help us carry out our plan."

"'Help'—'plan,'" stammered Sally in a tongue-tied fashion.

"Yes, we want you to sing the girl's part—I'll play it for you. That was Andy's notion—to have you sing with him."

"Sally Ann knows that," Andy said with a sidelong glance at her. "She knows because I asked her. She said 'No' that time, but maybe she won't again."

"Maybe not," Sally Ann said, not fully understanding. "But I'd like to know where, and when, we are to do all this."

"At Fiddlers' Fair!" cried Jim and Andy in one breath.

"We want to do it for fun," Jim added. "If we don't get any prize at all, it'll be a sight o' fun."

"We want to do it for fun," Andy added.

"Oh, yes," cried Sally Ann. She thought this a very good notion—a fine way for the feud to come to an end! Now there would be friendship again between the Adams and Saymores.

All of a sudden Sally Ann wanted to dance and sing. She began to skip about. The boys took up their fiddles.

Andy played his part of *Fiddlers' Fair*. Jim played for Sally Ann. And the melody went ringing merrily up the hollow.

This story is from the book, "Fiddlers' Fair" by May Justus, published by the Albert Whitman Publishing Company.

The Song of the Birds

(El cant des Aucels)

English version by
Cecil Cowdrey

Catalan Carol
(Spanish)

Andantino *p*

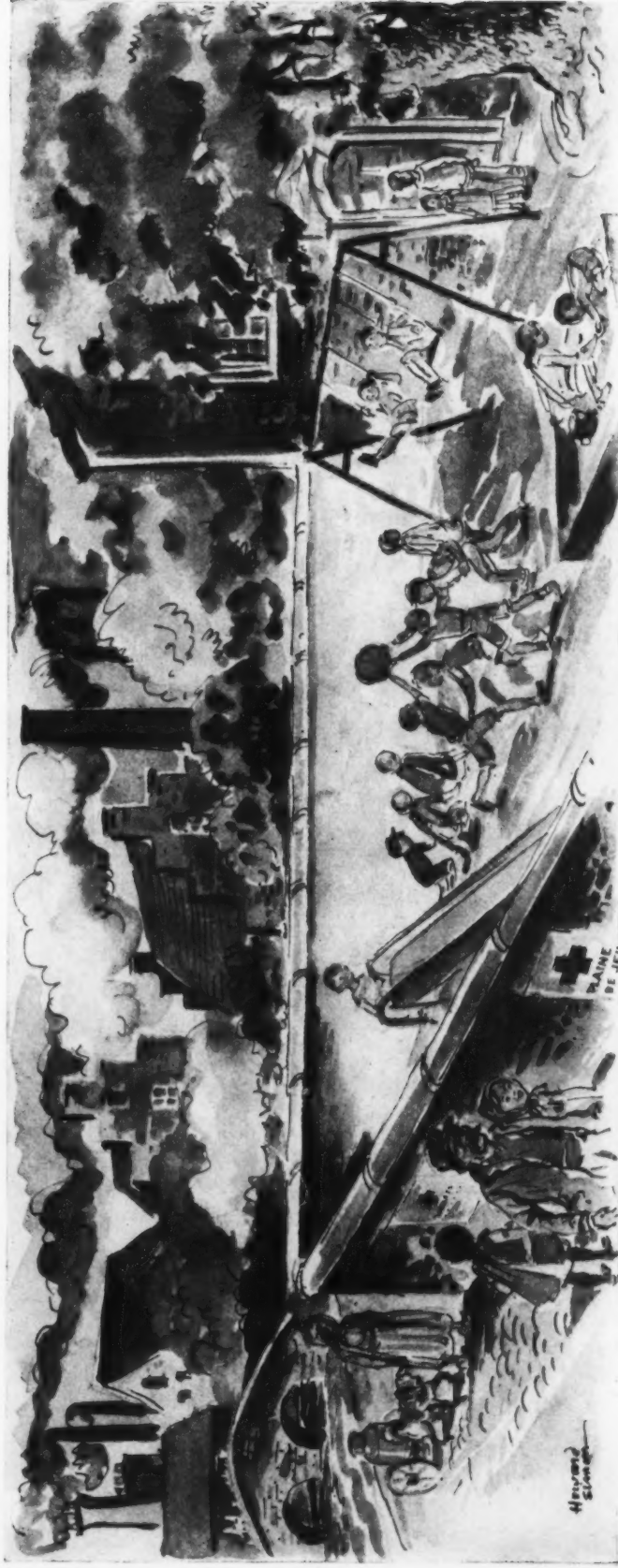
1 When dawned earth's great-est light The birds sang all the night; Earth's
2 They sang from near and far, "He shin-eth as a star." The
3 As that great hour drew near, When first He should ap-pear, In

fes - tal morn-ing voic - ing, — From ev - 'ry feath-ered throat Rang out the sweet-est
gold-finch told the sto - ry, — The lin-net and the lark Sang gen - tly to the
ev - 'ry wood-land spring-ing, — Where flow-ry plants were seen, The trees put forth their

note, To_ set the world re - joic - ing. — From ev - 'ry feath-ered
dark, Re - cit-ing all His glo - ry. — The lin-net and the
green, All hon-or to Him bring - ing. — Where flow-ry plants were

throat Rang out the sweet-est note, To_ set the world re - joic - ing. —
lark Sang gen - tly to the dark, Re - cit-ing all His glo - ry. —
seen, The trees put forth their green, All hon-or to Him bring - ing. —

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR *of* ACTIVITIES



PLAYGROUNDS IN BELGIUM—Over twenty years ago, following World War I, the American Junior Red Cross, through its National Children's Fund, provided playgrounds for thousands of children in many of the European cities. Among these, the playground established in the mining town of La Louviere, Belgium, has been operating ever since it was started, although not now under the direction of the American Junior Red Cross.

1947

MAY

1947

Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

May is the month for Junior Red Cross members to think of spring and picnics, forest fire prevention and camping, the completing of year-long activities, the reporting of work accomplished, and plans for summer service to the community.

Care
will prevent
9 o'clock
fires

God could not
be elsewhere,
There for He
made flowers
Lew Wallace

GOOD WILL
Pledge
THE NEWS

Let your Pic-
nic Site be a Scenic
Sight of cleanli-
ness and beauty

Plant
and care for
garden

Musical Chairs
Played by Japa-
nese Groups?
"Burlesque"—
Japanese Style"
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Learn
how to
win
this summer

Get started
in a
 hobby
during vacation

YOUNG
MEMBERS
READ
"Whispering
the Wren's
Bed"
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THE NEWS

MEMORIAL DAY
is a day
for remembrance